UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Depot Store

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

End of the Chinese Revolution

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Unification of China So Near and Yet So Far

By GILBERT REID

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III. Chapter XXIII

By M. K. GANDHI

In King Alfred's City

By LUCIA AMES MEAD

"The Outlawry of War" Review

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

At Toronto

By FREDERICK STARR

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1927 NUMBER 2

TO UNITY CONTRIBUTORS

Behold these
Men and women!
Great souls—
Flames unquenched
By sordidness—
Ever striving to heal—
By striking—
Through depths of matter—
A spark of light!

IRENE BOWDEN.

With this issue UNITY will return to its regular weekly schedule. We trust that our readers have noted that most of our bi-weekly issues during the summer were published with an increased number of pages. We think that our readers will agree, also, that these summer issues were especially strong in the character and timeliness of their contents. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for feeling proud of what we were able to do with the Chinese situation and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. For the winter ahead, we shall continue, for some months yet, to receive Miss Strong's remarkably vivid and sympathetic articles from China. Gandhi's autobiography will unfold its impressive drama of men and events. Special articles will be sought from our growing number of friends in all parts of the world. The established editorial and literary features will be given largest possible space. UNITY, infinitely precious to us, we want to make as precious to our readers.

Some weeks ago the newspapers carried alarming stories of vast floods in India, in the Ahmedabad region where Gandhi's home and school are located. Advices just received from our correspondent in India indicate that these stories were in no way exaggerated. The people in Ahmedabad and the country 'round about have suffered a great disaster, as the floods were the most devastating ever known in local history. "Water is knee-deep in the streets," writes this correspondent. "Mills and schools are closed. Villages have been washed away by the continued downpour of 50 inches of rain within four days." Heavy damage, of course, has been done to crops, which means disaster extending indefinitely far into the future. Most important, from the standpoint of our American interest, is the destruction which has befallen Gandhi's community of disciples and students. "The historical Ashram of Mahatma Gandhi," writes our correspondent, "including his University, are all under water, and the buildings are in a precarious condition. The inmates have been removed." The total damage done throughout the afflicted district amounts to millions of dollars. How many lives have been lost nobody knows, but it is estimated that the total figures will run into the thousands. Meanwhile, not less than 500,000 men, women and children have been rendered homeless and destitute. When it is remembered that the district affected is larger in area than Great Britain, and that this territory was literally under water for more than a week, some idea of the magnitude of the disaster can perhaps be had. Financial help is, of course, urgently needed. Contributions may be sent to the Congress Committee, Ahmedabad, or to the Editors of UNITY, who will gladly forward any money received to our Indian correspondent, who is on the scene. Our readers will join with other friends of Gandhi and his compatriots in sympathy for this great and irreparable affliction.

The seventh assembly of the League of Nations, held just a year ago at this time, was an occasion of ecstatic rejoicing. There was some reason for satisfaction, for Germany was being welcomed into the League. But there was no reason for the hysterics which accompanied Briand's address of welcome to Stresemann. The Kingdom of heaven had not yet come upon the earth, nor was the League itself any different, fundamentally, from what it had been from the beginning. Now that another year has passed, those hysterics seem to be about as silly as any outburst of League enthusiasm that was ever seen, and that is saying a good deal. For the eighth assembly of the League of Nations, now gathering in Geneva, finds the organization at just about its lowest ebb of fortune. "League affairs have gone badly," says Frank Simonds, an informed and intelligent observer, "and League prestige has suffered." There is the question of French garrisons in the Rhineland, for example. Imagine one member of the League holding another member in the grip of military occupation! The thing is ridiculous—and infamous. Yet every effort to oust France from the bridgeheads has failed, largely because of British intransigence. As a result, the League

is no longer popular in Germany. Worse still was the failure of the disarmament conference—not the recent tri-partite naval affair, but that conducted under the auspices of the League last winter and spring. Here was a chance to do a little something for peace, to make a gesture at least. But nothing was done. "The failure was absolute," says Mr. Simonds, "and the adjournment, however covered by pious hopes and solemn communiques, should deceive no one." Worst of all is the general European situation. The Balkan powder-mine is smoking, Italy and Serbia are clashing, Roumania is smouldering with revolution, Austria has blown up once and may any time blow up again. And the League is helpless! Any move would bring the League into collision with some great power, and thus again, as in the Corfu affair, expose its impotence. How much longer, we wonder, is the world going to fool itself into believing that this politico-military alliance of the great powers at Geneva is an effective agency for peace? Have we got to wait for another war to reveal to us the truth about the League, as the last war revealed the truth about the Hague Tribunal?

Sir Arthur Keith, with his opening address as President of the British Science Association, won front page recognition in the daily press. He stoutly defended Darwin's findings for the origin of man. The address was full of confessions of mistakes on the part of scientists. Few have been more outspoken. Scientists of the real sort are that way. Their willingness to acknowledge their blunders gives the layman more confidence in their declarations when they do arrive at confident conclusions. Sir Arthur Keith in this year of 1927 is even more sure than was Darwin seventy-five years ago that we come of an ape ancestry. This verdict is so uniform, when science has occasion to open the case, that this latest pronouncement from so careful a scholar will scarcely incite a new flood of scorn from the fundamentalists. Scorn is about all the answer they have to offer, and the supply, even theirs, has been almost exhausted in the treatment of this subject. Monkey jokes no longer take effect. It is really more creditable to acknowledge a grandfather hod-carrier whose career and character one has bettered than to live as a faded and cheap relic of a brilliant ancestry. Families whose glory is all in their progenitors are a drab lot. It is better to be a man with an ape ancestry than to be a nincompoop descended from a genius. Furthermore, this accounting is truer to the facts. Facts are always safer and more beautiful than the vain imaginings of a false theology, however soothing to a cheap pride. The reversals of the declarations of science are never greatly disturbing. The old simply passes in the discovery of new truth. In this the scientist rejoices most of all. Exploded theologies carry tragedy in their wake. Those whose faith rests only upon them are constantly dissolved in tears. For they are constantly exploding. Only a faith which rejoices in the truth can carry one through piping eras of progress.

Willingness to give life for a great cause is of the very essence of worthy living. One often wonders whether aviation is a cause great enough worthily to exact the toll of lives which have of late been willingly surrendered. Many of the flying adventures have been fool-hardy, and for that kind it is hard to find justification. They are none the less so, in the abstract, when they succeed. But all progress in air transportation must be attended by more or less peril. What gives it a glory surpassing that of perhaps any other great achievement in human history is the willingness with which the sacrifices have been made. Few or no lives have been lost by those who have not faced the peril in advance and have deliberately assumed the risks. Every other monument to noble human achievement is more or less reddened with the blood of unwilling victims. The slave has paid the heaviest price of human progress. Most wars, out of which it has been assumed that the longest strides of civilization have been made, have forced to the slaughter countless rebels against their fate. If war has had any glory it has been the glowing self-sacrifices which it has inspired. These have often seemed superlatively noble even when the historian must be conscious that hysteria generated the inspiration. A flying hysteria has struck the modern world. It grips the German miss of 20 and the British princess of 62; the seasoned war ace and the youngster who runs away from school to glut his passion for stunts. A deeper soberness will succeed the prevailing craze, when aviation will perhaps make more rapid as well as more real progress than while men and women are clamoring for a watery and unknown grave. But aviation will have but to live down its follies, not atone for its crimes. These are not slaves who are dropping into the sea and crashing headlong on emergency landing fields. They are giving their lives freely. The later generations who benefit from their adventuring may honor them without duplicity or sense of shame.

We have been mulling over the religious newspapers this summer, and have come to feel that the times are good. We would emphasize two things at least as highly encouraging. On the one side, in a general way, is the passing of Fundamentalism. In few of the church congresses in recent months did the champions of darkness show any strength; in many of the most significant gatherings, the advocates of superstition were routed altogether. A few years ago the Fundamentalists seemed in a fair way to capture the control of the Presbyterian church. Today they are in full retreat. The election of Robert E. Speer

as Moderator at San Francisco, followed by test vote after test vote, showed that the Modernists have gained the upper hand and that the days of controversy and conflict are over. The same thing is true of the Baptists. Three years ago it was being confidently prophesied that a split in the denomination was about to come, with the Fundamentalists holding the citadel and the Modernists fleeing to waste spaces. Today, the Baptists seem more firmly united than ever, for no other reason than that all fight has gone out of the Fundamentalists. What is true of these great bodies is true elsewhere. We said in these columns at the time of Mr. Bryan's death, that the passing of this man marked the passing as well of the crest of the Fundamentalist flood. Time seems to have proved that we were right. The second fact which we would mention in this connection is a specific, concrete event, which should have been commented upon earlier. We refer to the action of the Congregationalists at Omaha on the matter of the proposed union with the Universalists. As one who believes that the ending of sectarianism is the one supreme *desideratum* in the religious world today, we hail the report of the meeting of the Congregational National Council, as authoritatively summarized by the *Christian Leader:*

> By unanimous action, the Joint Statement providing for cooperation with Universalists was adopted.
>
> By unanimous action, Congregationalists voted to give up the name Congregationalist if that would further the cause of church unity.
>
> By unanimous action, Congregationalists approved the recommendation of the committee that efforts be made to form a compact federal union, which does not do away with existing organizations, of all churches of the Congregational order.
>
> By a unanimous demonstration, prolonged and enthusiastic, the Congregationalists honored the Universalist Church in the person of its representative, Dr. Frederic W. Perkins.
>
> By "an overwhelming vote," Congregationalists amended the committee's report and struck out all reference to the Kansas City Declaration as a basis for getting together, even though the committee insisted that it was put forth as a "description" and not as a creedal test.

We have been and are still a stern critic of the churches. But we know progress when we see it.

We knew it had to come! This business of establishing a Book Week, and a Child Labor Week, and a Red Cross Week, was bound to rise to the "height of the ridiculous," or sink to the depth of the obscene, before it reached its end. And now we have it in the proclamation by leading soap manufacturers of a "Take-A-Bath Week"! Not "a Bath-A-Week," mind you, though that is the way we read the announcement first. Heavens, no!—these boosters have no idea of limiting their campaign of education merely to the Saturday night tub. These soap manufacturers are after the "slovenly folk" who bathe only once or twice a day, and who are now to be elevated to something better. So it's "Take-A-Bath Week"! Propaganda for bathing is to fill the newspapers—but not merely the newspapers! Bless you, "there are still millions," runs the announcement, "who do not read a newspaper." (Evidently tabloids are not rated here as newspapers, which is true and righteous altogether!). So these millions will be reached "through the motion pictures, health departments, women's clubs, and other agencies." How perfectly splendid! How just too wonderful for anything! No dirt any more. No soiled hands and faces any more. No unwashed bodies any more. Everything, from toes to back-of-the-ears, just as sweet and clean and lovely as can be imagined. Why, we won't know ourselves, once this campaign gets well started. Americans are such a dirty people anyway—so filthy as compared with the Orientals, for example. What they need above everything else—more than peace, or industrial democracy, or a more equitable distribution of wealth, or farmers' relief, or city planning, or prohibition enforcement, or civil rights, or higher education, or anything is *baths,* and more baths, and then more baths again. And incidentally, of course, although this is a matter of no prime importance, the soap manufacturers will manufacture more soap and make more money than they have ever done before. Great is business—and Barnum is its prophet!

The Depot Store

You either know the New England Depot Store or you do not. If not the name will convey little to you except that it probably has something to do with the depot. If you do, your mind will revive the picture and odor of flour, grain, mill feeds, plaster, lime, cement, paint, plows, and manure spreaders. Now, the real significance of the depot store, whether you know it or not, lies in the fact that it stands as a connecting link, commercially, between the farmer who patronizes it and the persons and institutions who assist him in hanging on to the precarious business of farming. The transition from the old to the new—whatever the new may be, is far from complete in New England; although there are certain localities where the environmentalist can make out a pretty good case if he desires to stake his reputation upon prophecy. Such a district is that which is known as the North Country in New Hampshire.

Take the matter of temperature for instance. It stands to reason that a place where the thermometer not infrequently touches 32 degrees during the three months euphemistically known as summer, and which is certain to register 32 degrees minus at frequent intervals during the nine months of winter, is no sort of place to raise tobacco and onions or fruits and vegetables in any considerable quantity. The North Coun-

try therefore is not likely, so far as its farming population is concerned to be confronted with the problem of Polish, Italian, and Portuguese immigration. If you hang around the depot store you will find that the farmers here are of native American stock, with a scattering of French Canadians, who, however, upon their Southern migration prefer employment in the shops and factories, and find greater contentment in the mills of Manchester and Nashua.

You will also find these farmers reflecting the isolation which is imposed by their geographical environment. The mountains of the Presidential and Franconia ranges form a natural barrier to the south and east. From the middle of December to the middle of April, isolation from the outside world, so far as independent travel by horse, foot, or automobile is concerned, is practically complete. However humiliated the Old Man of the Mountains may be just now by the pointless jokes of the ubiquitous tourist, when winter comes he has his revenge. It was late in April this year when two adventurous young men from Lawrence, Mass., struggled through ice fields and snow drifts with a Ford and snow shovels to establish the first passage of the season between North Woodstock and Franconia.

Now conditions of this sort do not necessarily mean that the farmers of such a district or such communities are unprogressive. For one thing it means that the men and women with sufficient stamina to match their bodies and wits against such temperature and isolation in the beginning are worthy of comparison with the giants of a new world who settled the great northwest, and like them are entitled to the Norsemen's Saga. And it certainly means that if the Depot Store is to continue to do business, as little by little this great race passes, it will have to do so upon terms which take account of these fairly unchanging factors of temperature and isolation.

If one sticks around the Depot Store of any village somewhere North of Boston, exercising a fair measure of observation and imagination he will learn that there are more factors than were dreamed of in the environmentalists' philosophy in accounting for the passing of the New England farmer. Here are some of them.

1. Lack of business method. The Depot Store sent out a notice to all of its customers the other day reading somewhat as follows:

"Enclosed find a statement of your monthly account. We have installed a new system of bookkeeping which necessitates the sending out of all bills monthly. If you have not been in the habit of receiving a bill please do not consider this in the form of a dun as we do not mean it to be that. We have simply found from years of dealing with the public, etc."

The thing which the Depot Store has found out from years of dealing with the public is that fifty per-cent of the farmers of today—in this district, at any rate—keep no books of any sort, nor have the faintest idea of the extent of their assets and liabilities. It may seem strange that the storekeeper has himself gone along all these years with such hit and miss methods. It sounds funny in these times to talk about establishing a system of bookkeeping which necessitates the sending out of monthly bills, and apologizing for doing it. The answer is that the farmer wouldn't stand for any such system or method. He proposed to pay when he had the money; but whether the means of getting the money were within his control was a matter which he didn't care to examine.

What one sees and hears at the Depot Store seems to confirm the contention of a recent report of the U. S. Dept. of Commerce that we have too many men engaged in farming rather than too few, and that it should not be occasion for alarm if the percentage of population engaged in farming should go on declining for some time. The New Hampshire farmer has a hard time with his accounts.

2. Changes in the character of the farms. Here is another thing that one picks up at the store. There is today a definite tendency towards farm specialization. Twenty-five years ago they used to do what they called a "nice little business" in raising cattle and sheep. Summer sentimentalists still argue that flocks of sheep would lend picturesqueness to the hillsides. They would. But the farmer answers that he can get nothing for his wool, and with Western lamb retailing at the French Market in the village at 25 cents a pound, the local slaughter-house has become a wreck. The field which with the labor of oxen was cleared of innumerable stones which went into the construction of the stone walls affording the object of wonder and amazement, is today plowed, if cultivated at all, with a tractor. When you can buy hay delivered to your barn for ten and twelve dollars a ton, you find one explanation, among others, for many a New England farm apparently abandoned, growing up to weeds and bushes.

The definite and specialized direction of New England agriculture today is towards dairying. The cow is indeed a remarkable beast. She is confining to her keeper, to be sure. But if you whitewash your barns, submit her to tuberculin test, take her product to the depot every morning, Hood and Co. will do the rest. To be sure the Minnesota farmer supplies her with balanced ration in increasing quantities, and it might appear more reasonable to send the beast out west where the grain grows. But she can pick up a very decent living on the hillsides and among the rocks, and you can't very easily move the pastures. Herein are some of the changes and tendencies which the Depot Store reveals.

3. The future of New England Agriculture. It would obviously be much too dogmatic to affirm that so fundamental an occupation is about to become obsolete; but it is equally obvious that the back to the land

movement has failed, and the farms cannot run themselves. The gregarious instinct which longs for the association of the herd has decimated the farms of their youth and therefore of their cultivation. What happens to the youth after they get to the city is another story, regarding which the storekeeper is not quite clear. One of them got away just in time, and by an extraordinary stroke of circumstances, mystery, and all the rest, first became Governor, and then President. But it is reported recently that he is not altogether happy in his exalted estate and may soon "choose" to return to Vermont. But the ninety and nine who have failed of distinction are automobile salesmen, truck drivers, and the multitudes of hewers of wood and drawers of water demanded by the complexity of urban conditions.

Northern New England will increasingly become the playground of the East, and in so doing she will serve an honorable and useful function. Incidentally the Connecticut river at Waterford, Vermont, is soon to become the scene of a tremendous hydro-electric development supplying light, heat and power to Northern New England and Southern Canada, bringing to a close the final chapter in the story of many a struggle with a niggardly soil, and providing a vast and well tempered body of water wherein one may fish and swim.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Letters from China

End of Chinese Revolution

The Chinese revolution is dead for the present, though no one doubts that it will be born again. It has been killed from within by its own militarists, the ones it had acquired but not absorbed in its progress northward.

Don't let your minds be affected overmuch by the movements of troops around Peking. It is not overly important now whether Chiang Kai Shek and Feng Yu Hsiang, jointly, separately or in collusion with Chang Tso Lin, enter that city. The all important fact just now is that everywhere in China the military is dictating to the civilians, expelling people from the Kuomintang, killing peasant and labor leaders. The counter-revolution is swinging into its stride and may have full control when you read these lines.

Hankow was last to go. For months, under the threat of foreign gunboats and armies in all direction, they kept alight a little flame of civil power which refused to bow to militarism. But now that also is falling prey to reaction from within. It is what I have been seeing all week in Hunan.

Mrs. Sun Yat Sen is a brave woman, braver than almost any man in China. She has left Hankow, making a public statement that its government out of fear is forsaking the revolution of Dr. Sun, is sacrificing the welfare of the peasants to the expediency of placating soldiery, and that she is retiring, unwilling to take part in counter-revolution, and suppression. Five Chinese and one English dailies were suppressed for printing her statement, or rather for attempting to print it. But she has done a very great thing. She has made it impossible for a group of militarists to ride into power, calling themselves by the name of Dr. Sun's revolution, and deceiving the people into hopelessness. Now there is hope again for the future,—but not the future this year.

And yet, in the midst of Hunan, where soldiers are visiting village by village and house by house, to hunt for "rioters and communists," and to kill any who have taken part in the peasants' movement, I feel a greater admiration for the Chinese people than I have ever felt before. Even the broken fragments of this peasant's movement, seen through the descriptions of their enemies and suppressors,—even these bear witness to a sweeping power of organization, discipline, well-directed purpose such as has hardly characterized any peasant revolt in history.

Let me give part of the tale of Rev. Schindewulf, a German pastor of the China Inland Mission, living in the tiny town of Yungfong in the heart of Hunan Province. But first let me remark that I journeyed for three days through the highways and byways of rural Hunan, whence all Americans have fled, and which is supposed to have been the reddest spot in China; I was accompanied only by Miss Nathorst, of the Swedish Mission, who has lived through all the storm in Changsha. We had not a single unpleasant incident except the interminable wait for motor cars in the heat.

Rev. Schindewulf is a thorough going Christian of the evangelical variety who traces the hand of God in all events and lives in hard conditions in a backward and distant town. His wife and children do not get away with the American missionaries to the hill resorts of Kuling; nor has he the fine equipment of some American missionaries in Changsha who rejoice in the only bath-tubs in all Hunan, with a private reservoir of cold water. He eschews sedan chairs and hikes from village to village in the heat; he is reputed to have saved the town from burning when the northerners were here some years ago. He is a doughty fighter for God who refuses to let his servants "do reverence to the picture of Sun Wen" (Sun Yat Sen).

The land around Yungfong (he said to me) is owned chiefly by ten or twelve large families, who lease to other farmers for half the rice crop. Thus they have great warehouses of rice which they hoard till the 5th, 6th and 7th months, when the poor have eaten all their rice and the price goes up. . . . Sometimes they close their warehouses till the poor clamor at the doors with hunger; then they open and sell very dear, or lend to be repaid three hundred fold after harvest.

This year, however, we had the Peasants' Union. Every village was organized. (The truly marvellous thing is how in half a year some ten million peasants in Hunan province alone, signed up as members of this union.) In Yungfong was a central union for twenty miles around; but it was under the district center 35 miles away in Siangsiang. Every four or five miles would be a local union, under Yungfong. The heads of the Yungfong union were Long and Li, two tenant farmers of good reputation and standing. But some of the local unions were less good; one union leader ten miles away was responsible for the death of a rich man who refused to pay tribute. He did not kill him himself, of course, but sent him with accusations to the Peoples' Court in Siangsiang, which killed him.

The Peasants' Union arrested the heads of each of these rich families and demanded from them money and rice. They left with each one rice enough for all his family and servants and retainers till harvest, but the rest they took, promising to repay it pound for pound, in rice in the eighth month (i. e., harvest). They had 1,000 piculs of rice (125,000 pounds) stored in the big warehouse next to our mission. Every day they took out 20 piculs (2,500 pounds) and sold it by half pounds to poor people. To buy this rice at low prices you must be on a list. My two servants were on the list, but I could not be on it as I am not considered poor.

The money from the sale of rice they used in part to start schools for poor children. It was a rule that every child must go to school. This only lasted two months till the unions were broken and I do not know how many children were reached, but a great many certainly. These schools will not open again for the money to run them was taken from the rich man's rice.

The good Rev. Schindewulf considered the peasants' action criminal, "since obviously the rice belonged to the rich men." But he agreed that the peasants had a very remarkable organization and some good aims. Personally, I am absolutely thunderstruck with the fact that in these distant towns, a peasant's organization capable of such activity could be got under way in six months' time, with food distribution in many stations, (the next station to Yungfong was only three miles away) and with lists of names, schools, etc.

The Russians are to be blamed, or thanked, for much of this technique of organization, though it rests basically on the nature of the Chinese people, methodical, close-knit, not given to excess. The method, as related to me by more than one person was,

When the unions first started they did not know their power. First communists came to the middle schools and the more radical students struck and went on tours to the villages, organizing peasants everywhere. Meanwhile there was a school in Changsha, with some old revolutionists from Kiangsi and perhaps four Russians, who taught leaders. After a couple of months these also went out to organize districts. Little by little the Peoples' Power, as it was called, grew, and the power of the yamen (old style magistracy) became nothing more than to sign the decisions of the unions. When the radicals saw that the Peoples' Power was in their hands they made and carried through these plans.

I have been told by an American missionary in some scorn that the government middle school near his station "didn't do two weeks consecutive work in the whole fall term!" When high school students are called upon to organize ten million peasants in one province, as their job in a Revolution, it is not surprising if a term of school is injured. The average school teacher, (and certainly nearly all those in mission schools) thought the students' first duty was to get an education and not to save the country, and opposed what seemed to them a chaotic dislocation of their program. It was the clash between these two views that broke the mission schools, with students from government schools shouting epithets such as "running dogs of the imperialists" at the milder spirits who sought to save their own education first. Many other missionaries have bewailed in my presence the young generation that is growing up uneducated. But I imagine that students who have organized ten million peasants in Hunan got at least some sort of education in the process, which may be as much use to their country's future as the careful polish the richer young men acquire in American colleges.

Now, of course, it is all over. The chief of staff of the General ruling Hunan told me blandly it would take about another month to finish all the villages, by this process of house to house investigation. He regretted that in some places, after the soldiers pass, the Peasants' Unions spring up again under new names. He thinks that now the return of many soldiers from the north will make it possible to station enough of them in the country districts to suppress such manifestations! I hope all my readers get the picture this conveys of the strong armed militarist holding down a whole province.

The upper authorities in Changsha are sophisticated enough to tell me that "only those communists and labor leaders who have actually done crimes are executed." But the lower officials in small towns make no secret of the fact that "if we catch a union leader, we kill him." I saw the head of the Merchants' Guild in a little town make a significant gesture of a beheading axe in describing what was intended for union leaders. Rev. Schindewulf told me that "the rich have learned nothing; they are more greedy and revengeful than before. It is enough for any rich man to denounce any peasant and he is at once arrested."

There are gleams of heroic martyrdom. A girl in Siangtan tied to the execution block in the public square shouting "Long live woman's freedom. Long live communism," comes to my mind. Some people say that all this suffering is useless. I thought myself 'till I came to Hunan that perhaps the Nationalist armies came north too fast, absorbing too much. But Hunan convinced me otherwise. The northward drive may perhaps have destroyed the Kuomintang by incorporating into it so many self-seeking generals. But it has aroused the peasantry,—all the peasantry south of the Yangtze. When the revolution next comes, under a reorganized Kuomintang or a new party, it will not be a mere cry of anti-imperialism. It will be a positive conscious fight for "Peoples' Power," meaning both political and economic power of the organized masses.

A thoughtful Chinese observer in Hunan told me that the "reds" with all their sins had done four very great good things: 1. The peasant who was asleep is awake now to the belief that he himself through organization can change things. 2. The peasant who saw no connection between politics and economics, is now passionately interested in self-government. 3. Large numbers of illiterate poor have learned to read, and all the rest have learned to believe that free education is the right of every child. 4. The women are awake. My wife last year would not go out on the street, but now she organizes a Women's Exchange with forty members and runs a cooperative shop of the products."

Such results are great ones to have been bought with the amount of excess and suffering in Hunan, which has been small indeed in comparison with other peasant revolts of history.

Yours most hopefully,

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Changsha, China, July 19, 1927.

Faith

Give us great dreams, oh God, while thou art giving,
And keep the end; it is enough if we
Live by the hope, nor falter in the living,
That lures us on from dust to dignity.

Give us the courage of the soul's high vision,
Though its fulfillment here we never see;
The heart to make and keep the brave decision,
And faith to leave the ultimate with thee.

The Christian. —*Marie LeNart.*

Unification of China So Near and Yet So Far

[From our Regular Correspondent]

Ever since the establishment of the Republic, one of the insistent demands has been for unification in the establishment of a central government whose authority should be recognized everywhere, a government based on justice and law rather than on force. Of late the cry has not been so much for unification as for Nationalism, and by this has been meant a domination of the whole country by the Nationalistic party, emanating from its first headquarters at Canton. Several attempts during these years have been made for unifying the country, and yet, just when success seemed possible, there came failure. I will cite a few of these instances with which I have been familiar.

The first attempt was made at the beginning of the Republic when the provincial President at Nanking, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, retired in order to allow Yuan Shih-kai to become President on his promise to abide by the provisional constitution. Being a very strong and capable administrator, Yuan Shih-kai was more in touch with the old spirit of the monarchy than with the new spirit of democracy. Instead of trying to harmonize with the Kuomintang, of which Dr. Sun Yat-sen was the head and which was by far the strongest political party in the country, he made a break with this party, put himself in opposition to its leaders, and finally dissolved Parliament in order to get rid of all annoyance from the Kuomintang. This caused the leaders of the Kuomintang to remove to Canton and to inaugurate a new government. While I was personally acquainted with Dr. Sun Yat-sen and President Yuan Shih-kai, my sympathy at the start was rather with Yuan Shih-kai, but in the second revolution he tried to crush the Kuomintang. My sympathy was rather with the opposing party than with the President. The unification of China thus came to naught.

The second attempt at unification was at the time when Vice President Li Yuan-hung, the military leader of the revolutionary forces, became President on the death of Yuan Shih-kai. Li recalled the Parliament which had been disbanded and so the new government was represented by persons of every province and the outlying districts, such as Mongolia, and by all the parties. Unification seemed if ever to be an actual fact, and it was hoped that China would go along quietly with its task of making a constitution and of carrying out the principles of a real republic. As I was in Peking at the time, with the approval of the President and the Premier, I gave a reception in the name of the International Institute to the members of both Houses; all parties were represented and speeches were made by the Speakers of the two Houses. I had the opportunity to urge them to avoid discord and work for the good of the whole country. Unfortunately, President Li came into clash with the strong Premier, General Tuan Chi-jui. This difference between the President and the Premier would have been smoothed over but for the fact that the issue China was called upon to face was whether she should enter the world war on the side of the allies. All the strong military governors were summoned to Peking to confer with the Premier who was also Minister of War. They agreed with their military leader, and pressure was brought to bear upon Parliament to vote in the same way. Even those members who had been inclined to the proposition that China join the allies refused to act under pressure or mob threats. Gradually Parliament dispersed, and President Li Yuan-hung resigned, and so unification again disappeared.

A third attempt was made in 1923 by the patriotic, peace-loving Chinese merchant, resident in Hongkong, Sir Robert Ho Tung. His proposal was that there should be a round table conference of all the leaders. He first approached Dr. Sun Yat-sen, along with others in Canton, and Dr. Sun endorsed the scheme. Sir Robert Ho Tung visited Shanghai, secured great support for his peace enterprise, and got into communication with various leaders, such men as General Chi Hsueh-yuan (military governor of Nanking), ex-President Li Yuan-hung, ex-Premier Tuan Chi-jui (who was living in retirement), and General Chang Tse-lin. All agreed to attend such a conference or to send their representatives. There remained the military faction of Chihli, of which General Wu Pei-fu and General Tsao-kun were the recognized leaders. Having been asked by Sir Robert Ho Tung, I made a personal visit to General Tsao Kun in Paotingfu; he was then on the eve of being elected President. As such he seemed to hesitate to allow any private person to take the lead in carrying out a scheme of this kind; in fact, he showed no enthusiasm for it and was looking to see what action General Wu Pei-fu would take. Sir Robert Ho Tung himself visited General Wu Pei-fu at Loyang who favored the idea but said he must wait until he had waged another war against Tso-lin and had defeated him. Sir Robert Ho Tung and his friends then saw the round table conference was impossible.

The fourth attempt was in 1924 when the former Premier, Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, was urged to come from retirement and to become the head of the government in Peking. The *coup d'etat* of General Feng Yu-hsiang had taken place one month previously and the President, Tsao Kun, was made a prisoner in his own palace and deprived of functioning as President. General Feng could succeed in bringing about a *coup d'etat* but he was unable to form a government and unwilling to be the head of the government himself. In the emergency it was necessary to find someone who would take the lead. General Feng Yu-hsiang, General Chang Tsolin, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Governor Yen Hsi-shan, General Lu Yung-hsiang, and prominent members of the Anfu party, of which Marshal Tuan was regarded as the head, all urged the latter to come forward to establish a government to save the nation. So Tuan went to Peking, not as President but, assuming other terminology of title, as provincial chief executive. Dr. Sun Yat-sen went in person to Peking, although he was too ill to take any active part; General Chang Tso-lin and General Feng Yu-hsiang were both for a short time in Peking and then retired, leaving matters in the hands of their followers. Dr. Sun's idea was to call first of all a people's conference, but Marshal Tuan favored first of all a reorganization conference to consist of chosen representatives of all parties and then to form separate commissions on finance, military affairs and the constitution, and after that to draw up regulations for the election of delegates from

the people of the provinces. The reorganization conference met under the chairmanship of what was the most respected of what was called the "elder statesmen," Chao Erh-hsun. In the name of the Institute, I invited the members of this conference to a tea party one Sunday afternoon, at which I urged them to be sure to do something practical. The results of the conference seemed to be quite satisfactory, though already there was shown a lack of unanimity. Nearly all who belonged to the Kuomintang and followers of General Feng absented themselves. Renewed armed conflict again destroyed the prospects of peace, the chief executive retired early in 1926, and the prospects of unification again disappeared.

In the new war that is being waged between the Nationalist forces on the one side and various groups of northerners on the other there seems less chance for peace and unification than ever. The plan of the Nationalist party is indeed to unify the country but by bringing the whole country to the subjection of the Nationalist party; in other words, a policy of conquest. This was the policy General Wu Pei-fu had, and there is no more likelihood that this policy in a large country like China can succeed now than before. At the same time, outside of this policy, I see no chance of bringing about the unification of China.

GILBERT REID.

Shanghai, China.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTER XXIII

To South Africa Again

Though Manilal was restored to health, I saw that the Girgaum house was not habitable. It was damp and ill-lighted. So in consultation with Sjt. Revashankar Jagjivan I decided to hire some well-ventilated bungalow in a suburb of Bombay. I wandered about in Bandra and Santa Cruz. Its slaughter-house prevented us the choice of Bandra. Ghatkopar and places near it seemed to be too far from the sea. At last we hit upon a fine bungalow in Santa Cruz which we hired as the best from the point of view of sanitation. I took a first class season ticket from Santa Cruz to Churchgate, and remember having often felt a sort of pride in being the only first class passenger in my compartment. Often I walked to Bandra in order to take there the fast train going straight to Churchgate.

I seemed to prosper in my profession better than I had expected. My South African clients often entrusted me with some work and it was enough to help me pay my way.

I had not yet succeeded in securing any work in the High Court, but I attended the "moot" that used to be held in those days, though I never ventured to take part in it. I recall Jamiatram Nanabhai taking a prominent part. Like other fresh barristers I made a point of attending the hearing of cases in the High Court, more, I am afraid, to enjoy the soporific breeze coming straight from the sea than to add to my knowledge. I observed that I was not the only one to enjoy this pleasure. It seemed to be the fashion and therefore nothing to be ashamed of.

However I began to make use of the High Court Library and make fresh acquaintances and felt that I should soon secure work in the High Court.

Thus whilst on the one hand I began to feel somewhat easy about my profession, on the other Gokhale whose eyes were always on me had been busy making his own plans for me. He would peep in at my chambers twice or thrice every week, often in company with friends whom he wanted me to know, and he would acquaint me with his mode of work.

But it may be said that God has never allowed any of my own plans to stand. He has disposed them in His own way.

Just when I seemed to be settling down as I had intended, I received an unexpected cable from South Africa: "Chamberlain expected here. Please return immediately." I remembered my promise and cabled to say that I was ready to start as soon as they put me in funds. They promptly responded, I gave up the chambers and started for South Africa.

I had an idea that the work there would keep me engaged for at least a year and so I kept the bungalow and left my wife and children there.

I believed then that enterprising youths who could not find an opening in the country should emigrate to other lands. I therefore took with me four or five such youths, one of whom was Maganlal Gandhi.

The Gandhis were and are a big family. I wanted to find out all those who wished to leave the trodden path and venture abroad. My father used to accommodate a number of them in some state service. I wanted them to be free from this spell. Not that I could secure other service for them, I would not even if I could. I wanted them to be self-reliant.

But as my ideals advanced, I tried to persuade these youths also to conform their ideals to mine and I had the greatest success in guiding Maganlal Gandhi. But about this later.

The separation from my wife and children, the breaking up of a settled establishment, and going from the certain to the uncertain,—all this was for a moment painful, but I had inured myself to an uncertain life. I think it is wrong to expect certainties in this world where all else but God that is Truth is an uncertainty. All that appears and happens about and around us is uncertain, transient. Only there is one Supreme Being hidden therein as a certainty, and one would be blessed if one could catch a glimpse of that certainty and hitch one's wagon to it. The quest for that Truth is the *Summum Bonum* of life.

I reached Durban not a day too soon. There was work waiting for me. The date for the deputation to wait on Mr. Chamberlain had been fixed. I had to draft the memorial to be submitted to him and accompany the deputation.

M. K. GANDHI.

(End of Part III)

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

In King Alfred's City

It is a far cry from the traffic and tumult of Times Square and the twilight canyons around the Woolworth Tower to the quaint and quiet little city of King Alfred, yet these two different worlds are hardly more than a week apart. Twenty-six years ago with Col. T. W. Higginson and Miss Ruth Putnam we came as, I think, the only Americans to the millennial celebration of the death of the great king. John Fiske was to have given the oration at the unveiling of Thorneycroft's noble statue of Alfred holding aloft his inverted sword with the handle of the cross, placed in the High Street opposite the ruins of the Abbey; but death silenced the orator's eloquence before the day arrived. It was a notable pageant in picturesque, antique costume that led the way for Lord Rosebery in his robes, who replaced John Fiske as orator. He was followed by distinguished delegates from all over the world. Today most of those notables are silent and the new generation that we saw today adorning the gray walls and winding streets with gay banners celebrated no king, but modern prosperity and science in the Agricultural fair a mile outside the city; hither men came from all England and even from the continent to show their labor saving devices and view the fat Hereford and Devon cattle, the sheep, the pigs and poultry, and the magnificent wealth of flowers which were the product of modern skill.

Here is a city of over 20,000 people, yet without a newspaper of its own, borrowing its news from its neighbor, Southampton. It has many ancient treasures, but of course the chief is the great cathedral, the longest of any cathedral in the world except St. Peter's and far more venerable, the earlier parts of the building dating from 1079. Though lacking towers, it has one of the most impressive interiors in the world. Here rest not only the bones of kings, including Canute's who died before the building was begun, but writers, artists, poets. Jane Austen, whose home was near, is commemorated by a window and tablet and a quaint window full of scriptural figures of fishermen commemorates the noted angler, Izaak Walton.

As one steps softly down the nave between the massive pillars and beneath the rich ribbed vaulting and finds a seat in the choir at morning service, there are perhaps a scant dozen worshippers and the larger part of the congregation is the vested choir. The service, intoned, and the scripture mumbled perfunctorily would seem to one of Puritan lineage to bear scant relation to the only type of religion that can save souls today. Here is a piety that plainly speaking seems petrified, a fossil relic of what once was living and vital. What wonder that the modern man absents himself more and more and that the clerics address groined arches instead of living souls? The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. British piety is seen at its lowest ebb in these two daily services in all cathedrals and at its best in such places as the City Temple, London, where a truly prophetic ringing voice like that of Dr. Norwood preaches the gospel for today.

This noble cathedral, whose life covers nearly half the history of England is a glorious monument in an age that loved beauty, to the courage and faith of men to whom through the centuries its art and architecture were the highest expression of worship that they knew. But today, one wonders whether the Carpenter of Nazareth would feel at home in it, spite of its beauty and solemnity. Would he not seek out those unkempt and neglected children and poverty-stricken women only a stone's throw from organ and vestments and "storied windows richly dight" and take an "early communion" with them in ministering to their needs?

We cannot believe that the clerics are unmindful of these little ones as they walk in their secluded gardens, gay with golden laburnum, rhododendrons and climbing roses. One of these clerics who recently ceased from his labors, the beloved Canon Vaughan, was a friend to the common people and was revered by them. As one pauses to read the little grey tablet on the wall to his memory with its carved delicate border of birds and field mice, the memorial seems humble indeed compared with the magnificent Gothic chantries nearby where high prelates lie in recumbent effigy beside the tombs of kings. This beloved canon seems to have been in some ways a modern St. Francis who loved the birds and, as the inscription says, helped others to do likewise. "He loved the poor and the rich." He loved God's world and, like Gilbert White of Selborne, had rare scientific knowledge of botany as well as understanding of the needs of men. His book, "The Music of Wild Flowers" took its title from Dr. Arnold's happy phrase "wild flowers are my music." "The Wild Flowers of Selborne" and "Lighter Studies of a Country Rector," together with his exhaustive volume on Winchester cathedral are a revelation of a mind like Thoreau's in dealing with nature, and of the reverent historian who read sermons in stones and found good in everything and who made others see what he saw.

The rushing Itchin where Izaak Walton, like the Abbey monks before him, fished for dinner is a vital factor in Alfred's ancient city. The shady walks beside it are bordered with walls of warm red brick encrusted with green moss and showing above them such foliage as one finds only in Great Britain where the trees seem to draw nourishment for three leaves to one on our trees.

Five miles away through pleasant country roads we pilgrimaged to the little village of Hursley where Keble wrote noble hymns and gathered them into "The Christian Year" which voice the aspiration and faith of millions whom he never saw and millions yet unborn. His "Sun of My Soul" is sung to the tune named "Hursley." Here he lived in the tree-embowered rectory and for thirty years passed a life that had more spiritual vision and service than that of most Christians who are living the strenuous life in a world that is annihilating time and space, and too often annihilating as well the power of spiritual vision.

One of the notable places of Winchester is the Winchester School founded by William of Wykeham in 1373 with its older parts still unaltered. The World War gave a new impetus to the study of science and now new laboratories and science render the curriculum less exclusively classical. The prodigious amount of Latin which the youngsters of the privileged class in England learn is illustrated in Oscar Browning's fascinating accounts of "public" schools. Boys of fourteen often write Latin verse at an age when our boys have hardly learned the rule for the ablative case. The functionary who showed us through the ancient cloisters and the lofty chapel, a prototype of King's

College noble chapel at Cambridge and who displayed the wooden trenchers in the dining hall, assured us that strict and democratic discipline is enforced and that no nobleman's son would be spared such a flogging as was given the night before, though flogging is now seldom resorted to. In Milton's day, even college students at the English Cambridge were flogged as I believe they were at Harvard in the same century.

No one should visit Winchester without going to the Hospital of St. Cross where for over a hundred years before Winchester School was built a provision was made for thirteen poor old men to spend their days in comfort. Another foundation unites with this now and nearly thirty old men in caps and gowns of the style of the Founder adorned with a silver cross, live in beautiful surroundings, each man and wife, if he has one, having a little apartment with modern conveniences, electric lights, etc. The frisky gentleman of eighty who showed us around assured us that there were no requirements beyond attending morning service in the beautiful old church every day and being in at ten o'clock at night.

It was the mighty Alfred hundreds of years before the founding of cathedral, school and hospital, who brought the beginnings of culture, of peace and prosperity to an illiterate folk, the poor living in wattled huts without windows and the rich in cold, unsanitary castles. Though the latter had venison every day and quaffed wine from beakers of gold and silver they lacked the common necessities of life which the grim, sordid alleys of East London provide today in the largest city and yet one of the healthiest cities in the world.

A thousand years wrought less change in Alfred's England than the last century has done. With all the gain there is one tremendous loss—the loss of beauty and picturesqueness—a wholly unnecessary loss. Could London architects follow Ruskin's teaching and abandon their ponderous, ugly grey structures with monstrous mouldings catching London soot; could the planners in the new housing schemes perceive that, as one of the Council for the preservation of rural England declares, these homes are "offensive and stupid in their meaningless vulgarity"; and, on the other hand, could our own cities which have the ablest architects in the world have the wise civic regulations as to heights of buildings which prevail here and on the continent and provide for light and good sky line, great strides could be made in preventing the increasing deficience of all true principles of fitness, beauty and proportion. Our mechanistic world has afflicted us both in Alfred's country and our own with quite unnecessary ugliness. It accuses our modern intelligence that our world of architecture and costume should be less beautiful today than in the days of Alfred, of Columbus and of Goethe.

There were no "good old times" except as regards beauty. Alfred himself harks back to a precious day as every age is wont to do, imagining it better than the present one.

> How blessed (he said) was the first age of this world when there seemed enough to every man in the fruits of the earth! There were not then wealthy dwellings, nor many dainty meats nor drinks nor did they care for costly raiment. They cared not for any evil luxuries, but most meetly followed nature. They always ate once in the day and that was at evening. Fruits of the trees they ate and roots; they drank not any bright wine, nor knew they how to mingle honey with water, nor did they care for silken garments in many colors. They always slept out under the shadow of trees, nor had any trader seen island or shore, nor had any man then yet heard of a ship-army (an allusion to Danish pirates) nor indeed heard at all of a fight. Eala! that our times now might be such.

No such creative genius and no such devout and noble soul as Alfred's has since his day been on the British throne. In the midst of his enemies, like King David, he prayed,

> Grant now O Lord to our minds that they may rise to Thee through the hardships of this world and by these troubles come to Thee and with the open eyes of our minds may we see the noble Fount of all good the which Thou art.

Though a king he was a democrat at heart and said:

> Why vaunt ye over other men for your birth without ground? All are of like birth if ye will remember the first creation and the Creator. True high birth is in the mind, it was never in the flesh.

All from the land of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln who are of British stock share in the rich legacy which he left the English race.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

London, England.

The Study Table

The Outlawry of War

This book* belongs very particularly to this paper! UNITY espoused the Outlawry of War when it was a mere foetal idea in the mind of a single man. It published the first statements of the program which appeared anywhere in the public prints of America. Since those early formative days of 1918-1921, the Outlawry idea has traversed this nation and is now marching around the world. Its influence has spread more rapidly and more effectively than any other idea that we have ever known. Like a contagion, it has but to enter a man's life, to seize it and hold it.

On March 9, 1918, appeared Mr. Levinson's notable article in the *New Republic* on "The Legal Status of War." On March 23rd Professor John Dewey published a commentary article in the same journal, and from that time on became one of the most conspicuous and persuasive champions of the cause. In 1921 was organized the "American Committee for the Outlawry of War," and through succeeding years appeared a long series of important pamphlets from its office. Meanwhile, Senator Knox had been converted; and, after his death, Senator Borah became enlisted as the chief public protagonist of the idea. In February, 1923, Senator Borah's epoch-making resolution was introduced into the Senate. This brought the Outlawry of War to instant and far-flung public attention. The phrase itself—an inspired slogan, if ever there was one!—now became common currency in peace discussion throughout the country. It was used in addresses by President Harding and President Coolidge. "It began to appear," writes Dr. Morrison, "in resolutions adopted by church and internationalist organizations. In 1925 and 1926 various peace groups gave it a certain kind of hospitality. It figured in a coalition agreement with leading representatives of pro-League

*"The Outlawry of War," by Charles Clayton Morrison. Published by Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago.

and other groups as a promising solution of the World-Court controversy." More often than not, the phrase was used by persons who little understood its drastic meaning. Again and again it was applied to programs which fell far short of, or were actually antagonistic to, its rigorous demands, as, for example, the Geneva Protocol. But the very use of the phrase, however inaccurately or loosely, itself constituted an educative process. All the while the air was clearing —the Outlawry idea was taking on its own precise and unescapable principles. And now, like a lightning flash, comes M. Briand's proposal of Outlawry in its true estate to the nation which first gave it to the world—an event discussed by Dr. Morrison with amazing promptitude in an Addendum to his volume. In ten years, the Outlawry of War has conquered the peace mind of the world. It has successfully supplanted every other constructive program for the ending of war.

But all this while we have had no textbook on the subject! There have been addresses a-plenty, pamphlets in generous abundance. But few people hear addresses, and fewer still read pamphlets. No movement is really launched and afloat on the seas of popular interest and favor, in this country at least, until it produces a book which can be read, commended and put into libraries. This has been the one great lack of Outlawry from the beginning. And now it is supplied by this vigorous, comprehensive, and immensely attractive book from the able pen of the Editor of the *Christian Century,* who long ago made his invaluable contribution to the cause by swinging his great paper to its support!

It would be idle in these columns, where Outlawry has been expounded and defended for so long and at such length, to attempt any detailed analysis of Dr. Morrison's volume. Most of it is familiar to those who have been following the movement with reasonable attention in recent years, among whom the UNITY family is surely among the first. Assuming, therefore, that the readers of this paper are well acquainted with the theme of Dr. Morrison's argument, we pass on to the matter of isolating and thus emphasizing the chief merits of his volume as a textbook, or rather—since the book has all the readable qualities so seldom associated with text-books—as a popular treatise on Outlawry as *the* method of getting rid of war.

First of all must be mentioned the clarity and power of the author's pages in setting forth exactly what the Outlawry of War is, and also is not. This book is a masterpiece of exposition. No excuse any longer, now that this work is in print, for anybody not to know what Outlawry means! In presenting his definitions and interpretations, Dr. Morrison has been wise in turning frequently to Mr. Levinson, who has thought through his own conception with unexampled thoroughness and mastery of detail, and using his potent words to state his case. But the main body of the statement is Dr. Morrison's own, and a fine job it is.

At the very start, the author nails up the thesis that "any proposal in the name of peace, which makes any terms whatever with war, which compromises with or tolerates it in any form or guise, is foredoomed to futility. If we are to abolish war, the first decisive thing to do is to outlaw it." Outlawry is thus "a direct, frontal attack upon the institution of war by the united will of the nations." It involves no political entanglements or military commitments, for these are unnecessary and, worse, are themselves the very compromises with war which are so fatal. The Outlawry program is perfectly simple, precise, clean-cut. It proposes, says Dr. Morrison, by a general treaty among the nations, "to abolish war by setting up in its place a real court in which disputes between small nations shall be settled by the application of a code of international law whose basic statute makes war a crime." In a brilliant succession of chapters, Dr. Morrison looks at this definition from every angle, explores its principles and implications to its farthermost corners. He shows what war is "as an established, organized, legal institution"; he cuts away the dangerous sham disguise of "aggressive war"; he analyzes the types of disputes that lead to war, and may just as well lead to a court, for settlement; he states and answers the riddle of "sanctions"; he presents the "code of the laws of peace"; above all, he makes crystal-clear the all important fact of the *juridical* character of this solution of the war problem, as contrasted with the politico-military character of the proffered solutions which have preceded it. Here is a comprehensive analysis, brilliantly stated. We should like to hear a question which is not answered in this book.

Secondly, we would emphasize Dr. Morrison's great success in differentiating the Outlawry program of peace from the other alternative programs of our day. Controversy has been bitter here, but Dr. Morrison allows no emotion to mar the precision of his presentation of the case. With admirable good-nature, with earnest desire to effect an ultimate union of peace forces, with full appreciation of the sincerity and good intentions of his opponents, he meets their case for the League of Nations, or the World Court, or what not, and shows the inadequacy of these conceptions as contrasted with the Outlawry of War. The World Court, for example, he presents in its true light as simply the last, and probably indeed the best, of a long series of arbitration proposals. But arbitration is never going to end the operations of a legally-established institution such as war! What we have got to have is law—the law of peace—with "a real world court" to interpret, administer and enforce it. This means three things, says Dr. Morrison, hitherto unprovided for in any scheme for peace—"a body of judges, a definite code of law, and affirmative jurisdiction." "Lacking any of these," he continues, "a court is not a court of law—but an arbitration tribunal.—" "The League Court," he adds, "possesses the first (feature) but lacks the second and third." So with the League itself! Dr. Morrison has no hostility to the League. He sees and praises the noble intent behind it. But he also sees and defines the inherent qualities of the League as a military alliance of the great European powers. So long as the League is thus constituted, he would have the United States stay out, for membership can never bring us peace and may at any time bring us war. *But!*—"on the day after the Senate of the United States passes the Borah Resolution looking toward the Outlawry of War," says Dr. Morrison, "the business of world peace will pass out of the hands of the war offices and the diplomats into the hands of the people themselves." This will change the face of the world, and open the way for the League of Nations to become effective and

beneficent. Dr. Morrison would have the United States enter the League "when the League itself plucks out its war articles, tenders or joins in a general treaty outlawing war and setting up a real court in its stead, and democratizes its organization by eliminating the oligarchical power now vested in the Council."

Lastly, this book is invaluable as setting the Outlawry program in the scene, so to speak, of the contemporary drama of world events. Always there is the danger of a constructive idea of this kind degenerating into a mere abstraction, or formula. Dr. Morrison sees this danger and avoids it. This proposal, he says, "is not an ideal suspended in mid-air." It is not a concept floating in a transcendental vacuum. On the contrary, it is an intensely realistic suggestion born of the circumstances of the age, and for this reason fitted to cure its besetting ill. From the beginning to the end of his book, Dr. Morrison keeps our eyes on the world stage. I know of nothing more brilliant than his analysis of "the present crisis," by which he means the chaos following upon the vast disillusionments which have been experienced in the decade since the ending of the Great War, unless it be his analysis of the Locarno agreements in the light of events before and after. This Locarno discussion is fresh, original, and illuminating, a genuine contribution to the literature of the subject. Into this confused darkness of world events, Dr. Morrison projects the clear white light of Outlawry, and shows how it may lead us into peace. Just as this achievement is the most difficult one to which the author set his hand, so it is to be the most gratefully commended.

Our one feeling, as we look over the book, is satisfaction at the complete success with which Dr. Morrison has made out his case. We may be biased through our long familiarity with the material and our utter conviction of its soundness. If so, we await the appearance of the book which will answer the case. Nay, we go further—we challenge our League of Nation friends who are suspicious, and our militaristic friends who are hostile or scornful, to point out one weakness in the argument as here presented. Where is a hole in the armor? Find it, friends, and thrust in your lance! Now is your opportunity! If you fail, or if you do not try, Outlawry must be hailed as victor in the lists. For ourselves, we feel serenely certain of the outcome. Some day, the history of the world is going to be divided into two great parts—the war era, and the post-war era. At the turning of the road will stand Outlawry as the force which wrought the change and therewith saved mankind.

The opening of Dr. Morrison's book is made notable by a superb introduction by John Dewey—a document in itself of first-class importance! The close of the book is made notable by the absence of an index—a serious omission which we hope will be corrected in future editions. The one page which seemed to us most precious was the dedication page—

To
Salmon Oliver Levinson
Author of the Proposal for the
Outlawry of War
and its Indefatigable Apostle.

—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Correspondence

The Sacco-Vanzetti Funeral Parade

Editor of UNITY:

What was planned to be an orderly, well-intentioned, impressive happening—the memorial march for Sacco and Vanzetti, on Sunday, August 28th, 1927—will be remembered by Americans in general, and Bostonians in particular, as a piece of disorderliness, a something that never should have taken place. This, simply and solely because of the police! What disorder the police did not achieve the press of Boston did, in their news stories and reports relative to the event.

Despite all efforts to misrepresent the facts, however, the truth managed to get through here and there in the various stories. Neither could the impressiveness of the parade be entirely taken away, even with all sorts of efforts to mar it. And the good intentions, too, persisted in the face of insult, obstruction and vicious manhandling at various points along the course of the march.

From the beginning to the end of the march the police "worked intermittently on the mob," as one report admitted, "chiseling off large numbers here and there, until at the end of the afternoon, when the final clash with the police took place, the funeral cortege, estimated at 25,000, had been reduced to about 150." The chiseling began soon after the march started with the riding into the crowd of mounted policemen. "Order was obtained by this method," comments one writer. This deliberate intention on the part of the authorities to incite to violence, or failing that, to create it through authorized brutality on the part of the men ostensibly detailed to guard the procession, was given the appearance of tender solicitude. Very near the start, we read, the state police "thought the mourners on foot were pressing too closely on the hearses and the flower bearers." Be that as it may, the mounted officers suddenly cut into the line—just another instance of chiseling off! Throughout the entire route, by means of intimidation, brute force, and petty meanness such as orders which resulted in the "opposite tide of traffic being diverted into the line of march," by every possible means, legitimate and illegitimate, the parade was cut down. But through it all the non-violent spirit held. The steady determined tramp, tramp of those tireless marching feet, the simple plodding glory of it, one can never forget. Probably, in the whole history of the country, there can be found nothing like a parallel for it—such beautiful appreciation of supreme self-sacrifice and courage coupled with a marvelous patience under great provocation!

When the marchers, near the end of their long journey, got to Forest Hills Square they linked their arms somewhat more tightly to prevent any further scattering of their diminished numbers. And not a minute too soon. Suddenly a sharp "Get over there" was heard. Not one minute was given for the order to be obeyed. Immediately the clubs began to swing, angry words to fly, and people were sent sprawling to the pavements. Police pistols were drawn and umbrellas snatched from the paraders were used to berate them.

Probably three-quarters of this rear guard was scattered at this final endeavor of the guardians of the peace to provoke trouble, and brand with infamy the Sacco-Vanzetti memorial march. The Boston *Herald*, which gave a singularly uneven account of the affair, pictures very well its unfortunate ending:

> Not all the marching mourners had given up the parade, however. In groups of five or six the leaders of the original procession had slipped, by side streets, with their nucleus of the faithful. The paraders reformed with Alfred Baker Lewis and Miss Basatto at their head. . . . Off they swung, baring their heads, although the rain was pouring in torrents. Half a mile on they met the hearses returning. . . . There was little left to parade for. The policemen would not let the marchers enter the cemetery, or even stop. So, they dispersed. At dusk the wet road was deserted, still strewn with trampled red roses and red arm bands.

On these arm bands were the simple, truth-telling, dreadful words,

"Remember: *Justice Crucified*, August 22, 1927."

So ended the attempt to pay honor to Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Again Massachusetts had blotted her 'scutcheon irretrievably.

A PARTICIPANT.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

AT TORONTO

In connection with the 1923 meeting of the National Education Association at San Francisco, there was held a World Conference on Education. Six hundred delegates representing many nations participated in it. A permanent organization, *The World Federation of Education Associations* resulted. The moving spirit was Augustus O. Thomas, state superintendent of Public Instruction of Maine. Its objects are "to secure international co-operation in educational enterprises, to foster the dissemination of information concerning the progress of education in all its forms among nations and peoples, to cultivate international good will, and to promote the interests of peace throughout the world." Arrangements were made for a first meeting of the Federation. Japan's invitation to meet at Tokyo was negatived by the great disaster of September and the meeting was finally called at Edinburgh, Scotland for 1925. It was a real success.

Soon after the San Francisco conference, Raphael Herman of the city of Washington placed $25,000 at the disposition of the Federation to be offered as a prize for the best educational plan tending to produce world peace. The plans were to be limited to statement in not more than five thousand words and must be such as could be undertaken by an educational organization. It is hardly necessary to tell readers of UNITY that the prize was given to David Starr Jordan. His plan involved the appointment of five committees to study and advise methods and means for world co-operation in education for peace. These committees have been appointed. They are in vital connection with the Federation, which is however, in general, as its name indicates, composed of official delegates from education associations in all countries.

The second session, held at Toronto, Canada, has just ended. It was in session August seventh to twelfth. It was a notable, impressive and inspiring gathering. Four thousand delegates from more than twenty countries were in attendance. Our own National Education Association sent a body of one hundred official delegates under leadership of Russell of Columbia. I understand that fifteen hundred American delegates, representing many organizations and coming from every section of the Union, were present. The Canadian Federation of Teachers acted as host and was as fully represented. The Associations of England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, China and Japan were officially represented. Mexico was present in the person of Moises Saenz, Sub-Minister of Public Instruction. Siam, India and European nations were represented by delegates or speakers on the program. The greatest friendliness, the heartiest co-operation, were in evidence. What the Chinese delegate, P. W. Kuo, said at San Francisco, could be justly repeated here: "They said we could not get together on account of our prejudices. We have shown the world that we can lay aside our prejudices while we solve our problems."

There was a full program. Mornings were given up to group and committee meetings under some thirty heads, ranging from kindergarten, humane education, illiteracy, and adult education to universities, moving pictures, library service and teachers' associations. These meetings were open to the public and sometimes a score of them were in session simultaneously, each room being fairly filled. The more spectacular general meetings, drawing thousands, were two daily, at 2 p. m. and 8 p. m. The 2 o'clock assemblies were regularly divided between two great halls, as the great Convocation Hall of Toronto University (in the buildings of which all the meetings were held) was inadequate to hold all who would be present. Imagine an audience, presided over by a Chinese, at which addresses were given by an American, a Hungarian, a Pole, a Puerto Rican, a Czechoslovak, a Canadian and a Scotch woman. At the same moment a meeting in the second great hall was in progress, presided over by an Englishman with speakers from India, Switzerland, Mexico, Bulgaria and Persia. Nor were the addresses mere time fillers. For the most part they were carefully prepared presentation of needs, of conditions, by persons keenly anxious for help in solution of problems.

The Herman-Jordan Committees met on the first morning of the sessions and approved recommendations to be submitted to the assembly. The submission was made at the large Thursday afternoon meeting in Convocation Hall. Here occurred the only thing approaching dissension in the entire program. The clash came over Committee 4's recommendation on military training in schools. The report was a compromise, aiming to mollify a somewhat active demand on the part of American teachers to do away with it entirely, without offending Canadian and English delegates who approve the cadet corps. It seems to have satisfied no one. Militarists and pacifists alike were against the recommendations submitted and, after a sharp discussion, the entire subject was left for consideration at the next Conference in 1929.

There were, of course, the usual social and entertainment features, important for the opportunity for personal contact and development of friendships. On Monday afternoon a reception was given President Thomas and the Directors of the Federation, in Hart House Quadrangle. On Tuesday noon the Toronto Board of Education gave a luncheon to official and overseas delegates only—where six hundred sat at the tables. Wednesday was entirely devoted to an excursion to Niagara Falls given by the Premier and government of Ontario, which was taken by hundreds. On Thursday afternoon was a garden party at the art gallery, a most successful occasion. On Tuesday night a Pageant, *The Heart of the World*, was given by 1,400 performers, at the Coliseum, which was packed with spectators. The pageant was a symbolic picture of the development of the world from savagery to civilization through the influence of education. In it the significance of the child was emphasized and glorified. The music was largely supplied by 600 voices, part of the Coliseum Chorus. On Thursday night the entire chorus of 2,000 voices gave a splendid concert in the same building. There were many lesser social functions,—breakfasts, teas, luncheons, receptions—among them a dinner for fifty persons given by the Japanese delegates.

From the vesper services Sunday afternoon to the brilliant farewell meeting of Friday night, there were six crowded, joyful, helpful days. Besides the addresses and the social functions, various routine business was done. Articles of incorporation were drawn up, suggestions were made relative to a desirable (nay, a necessary) fund of millions, officers were elected and the next place of meeting was considered. Dr. Thomas, of course, continues as president. Geneva is likely to be the meeting place for 1929. For my own part, I would rather it should be at Tokyo or Mexico. Edinburgh, Toronto, Geneva in succession trend a little heavily in one direction. Both Japan and Mexico do such things handsomely and well. Japan, disappointed in 1923, surely has a strong claim. Mexico would teach as much as she could learn, to a group like the World Federation of Education Associations. But, wherever held, may the Conference of 1929 carry on the work now well begun!

FREDERICK STARR

THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE AS A TEST OF CIVIL LIBERTIES

The following statement on civil liberties in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti case was issued today by the American Civil Liberties Union:

While the eyes of the world were focused on the central figures of the recent tragedy in Massachusetts, the police authorities of many of the larger cities in the United States engaged in activities which, summed up, constitute an all-time all-American record for the ruthless violation of the constitutional rights of free speech and assemblage.

Outstanding instances of the legalized violence which brought about this condition include the following:

Scores of protestants who joined the first caravan from New York to Boston on August 10 were arrested and roughly treated by the Boston police when they attempted to parade or hold protest meetings the next day on historic Boston Common. Permits for meetings in public places were denied by the police who also prevented the holding of meetings in private halls by intimidating the owners into refusing to rent them.

Powers Hapgood, miner and Harvard graduate, was arrested and released on bail on several occasions when he attempted to address Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers on Boston Common. Arrested on a charge of speaking without a permit, he was fined and then charged with unlawful assemblage and attacking an officer. The arresting officer testified that Hapgood had not attacked him but he was nevertheless sentenced on the

charge to six months in prison. His case was appealed and while he was out on bail he was again seized by the authorities and taken to the psycopathic ward of a Boston hospital where his clothes were taken away from him and he was held a prisoner. After many hours deliberation, the learned doctors of the hospital were forced to admit that Hapgood was normal and above the average in intelligence. He was released. Later, at a gathering on the Common, a policeman recognized him and slapped him in the face, remarking "we are tired of arresting you."

Hapgood's sentence of six months' imprisonment is now on appeal.

Miss Mary Donovan, secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment by a Boston Municipal Court judge because she placed a placard among the floral offerings to the two dead men which read, "Did you see what I did to those two anarchistic bastards?—Judge Thayer." She was charged with attempting to incite a riot and distributing anarchistic literature. This is thought to be the first appearance of Judge Webster Thayer as an author of anarchistic literature.

Describing the actions of the Boston police as "needless, unprovoked brutality," Creighton J. Hill, in a letter to the Boston *Herald*, gives the following description of the breaking up of a meeting on Boston Common:

"In fifteen years of newspaper reporting, I have never witnessed a scene equalling that on Boston Common this afternoon for needless, unprovoked brutality on the part of the Boston Police. . . . I saw one woman knocked down by a blow from a policeman as she was trying to move away. Had there been the least sign of mob danger to warrant Superintendent Crowley's conduct, it might have been at least understandable. Not only were his men outrageously brutal in handling the people, but there was not the slightest pretext for what took place. No disorder has occurred. Neither the people in charge of the meeting nor the audience showed the slightest evidence of 'inciting to riot' or in any way doing more than engage in the exercise of their constitutional right of free speech."

Consistently following this policy of brutality all during the period of protests against the murders in Boston, the police did not show the slightest feeling of humanity, even in the presence of death.

In New York, meetings which took place in Union Square were treated in the same manner, hundreds of policemen hedging about the speakers and audience while mounted troops waited a few paces away for the order to charge—and the order was frequently given. At one time a young woman who had not participated in the meeting, but who was passing across Union Square, was knocked unconscious by an excited policeman.

On August 29 the police used horses, motorcycles and fire apparatus to charge into a crowd of 10,000 or more persons who, after holding a memorial service, attempted to parade behind the automobile which carried Mrs. Rose Sacco, widow of Nicola Sacco.

On August 9, police attacked students of the New York City College who were holding a protest meeting on the campus. The students were roughly handled and placards which they carried were torn from their hands.

In Chicago, permits for meetings were refused and use of private halls withheld by the same method practiced by the Boston police—intimidation of the owners. For passing out handbills urging a strike to save Sacco and Vanzetti, seventy persons were arrested by the police shortly before the execution. Included among them was Aurora D'Angelo, a young girl, whose clothes were partly torn from her by the police. When she was released on bail and continued her agitation, she was arrested a second and a third time and finally confined in the psychopathic ward of a hospital as in the case of Powers Hapgood. Also, as in the case of Powers Hapgood, the doctors were forced to report her sane and above the average in intelligence. She is now awaiting trial for inciting to riot and is out under bonds totaling $2,400.

In Washington, D. C., two outstanding instances reveal the trend of the official mind on free speech and civil liberty. Representative Albert Johnson, Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, issued a warning that aliens who participated in Sacco-Vanzetti protests would be arrested and deported. Mrs. Lenora H. Jones, a Quaker, 59 years old, was indefinitely suspended from her position as a tourist guide in the Capitol Building, because she remarked that she would be willing to die herself to save the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti and the honor of her country. She is the sole support of a crippled husband.

In Los Angeles the police indulged in wholesale arrests of radicals and liberals and protest meetings were broken up by officers armed with rifles, machine guns and tear bombs.

At Cheswick, Pennsylvania, scores of striking miners and their wives and children were injured and one trooper was killed when state police attacked a Sacco-Vanzetti protest meeting. The troopers charged the mine people time after time, riding over them and clubbing many. The injured numbered over two hundred. The trooper was killed by a pistol shot fired by an unknown person. Twenty miners were arrested and charged with rioting. There were no disorders at the meeting until the troopers appeared and charged. Representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union are investigating the case with a view to aiding in the defense of the miners who were arrested.

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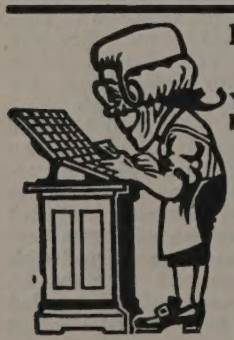

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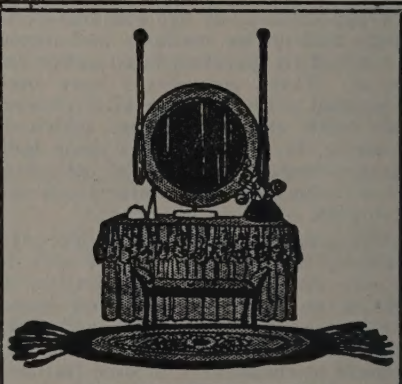

IN SEPTEMBER

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